The Weekly Museum.

[Vol. IV.] SATURDAY, June 25, 1791. [Number 163.]

Here JUSTICE with her BALANCE sits, and weighs IMPARTIALLY the DEEDS of MEN.

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For the Weekly Museum.

Mr. Harriſſon,

As that day of conviviality, the 4th of July, is faſt approaching, I wiſh you will be ſo obliging as to publiſh the enclosed Eſſay on Health Drinking, in order, if poſſible, to aboliſh a practice ſo full of trouble and vexation; and likewiſe hereby require Jack Ranger, the Reformer, the Obſerver, Corydon, Fidelio, Calvus, Rinaldo, Philotes, and all the reſt of your literary friends whether profetical or poetical, to come forward with all their hoſt of talents and aſſiſt me in extirpating a cuſtom that has ſo glaring a tendency (as the following piece clearly proves) to injuring our health, deſtroying our wealth and diſturbing our public meals. Than which nothing can be a greater curſe. JUSTICE GUTTLE.

New-York, June 14, 1791.

On DRINKING HEALTHS.

I Hope I ſhall ſoon have the ſatisfaction of congratulating my countrymen on the abolition of the abſurd and troubleſome cuſtom of drinking healths at meals; for beſides the abſurdity of it, it is very troubleſome and inconvenient. We eſteem it rude to ſpeak to a gentleman while he is ſpeaking to another, or otherwiſe engaged; yet this rudeneſs and diſturbance we call politeneſs at meals. If I drink to a gentleman and he does not hear me at firſt, I muſt increaſe my vociferation, till ſome neighbour of the gentleman is pleaſed to give him a jog, and inform him that Mr. Gubbins has been ſome time eſſaying to drink his health; the gentleman politely returns the compliment and begs my pardon; but I ought to beg his pardon, for the incivility in me to diſturb him, and not in him for not hearing me.

When round tables were in faſhion, all the company could ſee each other; but the cuſtom of drinking healths is now rendered very inconvenient at the modern long cornered tables. For ſuppoſe there are ten on a ſide, and the ſecond would drink to the ninth, or the ninth to the ſecond, on the ſame ſide; "how are we to ſettle this?" I hear a voice, but I cannot tell who it comes from. I muſt catch his eye, and he mine, to return the compliment. To reach half over the table, and ſhake the powder from my hair, as from a dredging box, over a diſh or a neighbour's plate, is certainly not very agreeable. I know of no other way, therefore, but to call out, "*Fall back gentlemen; ſix below, or ſix above.*"——Immediately there would follow a general ſuſpenſion of hands, knives and forks, and the ceremony would be the *height* of *politeneſs*.

I was lately at a feaſt, where I was quite out of luck, and met with a ſeries of misfortunes.—I had a nice bit of turkey on my fork; a gentleman at ſome diſtance to the right of me, with rather a low voice, ſays, "*Mr. Gubbins, your health, Sir.*" I did not hear him; but juſt as I was going to put it into my mouth, my officious left hand neighbour gives me a violent pull by the ſleeve, and informs me that Mr. Pontoon drank my health:—I, ſuppoſing the gentleman ſat that way, turned towards the left, made a *bow*, and replied, "*Sir, I thank you,*" but great was my ſurprize to ſee no Mr Pontoon on the left: Mr. Pontoon was ſix off to the right. I immediately whirled to the right about, and in my haſte fairly toſſed a deep plate of *ſoup* into my right hand neighbour's *lap*. I aſked ten thouſand pardons, and determined with myſelf to be upon my guard in the future. I then let my fork and turkey lay upon my plate, till ſuch time as another ſhould have drank my health; when, lo! a ſervant, obſerving my compoſure, takes it into his head that I had done, and whips away my plate, turkey and all; and it was with ſome difficulty I recovered my loſs. As ſoon as I regained my turkey, I ſoberly put it into my mouth; when a voice comes from another part of the table, "*Mr. Gubbins, my ſervice to you:*" unwilling to make the gentleman wait, I inſtantly replied, forgetting that my bit was not half chewed, and that my teeth were not over and above good, "*Sir, your ſervant;*" but oh! Mr. Printer, the unfortunate ſibilation of the letter S too ſoon diſcovered to me my bit of turkey upon my plate again: however, by good luck, it was not obſerved by any one but myſelf, my polite health drinker, and four or five of the ſervants:—the gentleman ſmiled, I bluſhed, and the fellows crammed their mouths with the knife cloths. I determined to be a little more expeditious in my next morſel. But, oh, cruel ſtars!—we never know when we are right, nor whether too faſt or too ſlow.—A voice again attacks, "*Mr. Gubbins, your health, Sir.*" I recollected the melancholy fate of my laſt bit, and therefore now chewed my turkey as quick as I could; but indeed rather too quick, for in my haſte, a piece of ſkin a little too much criſped, ſlipped down my gullet, and ſet me a coughing, ſo violently, that all the company were alarmed, and dreaded the conſequences. As well they might, in all reſpects; for either Mr Gubbins muſt diſcharge turkey, or turkey muſt diſcharge Mr. Gubbins.—Well for me, Sir, Mr. Gubbins prevailed; and turkey, pudding, bread, ſauce and gravy, all ſhot forth from my mouth and noſe like random ſhot from a gun.—What could I do, Sir, or, what did I do? Indeed I do not know, except that about an hour after dinner I found myſelf in the ſame chair, at the ſame table, and with the ſame company as at firſt. I drank a glaſs or two of wine, recovered, reſumed my courage, and made the following propoſal to the company; "That at all feaſts at Guzzledom, a ſervant, in the dreſs of a Merry Andrew, ſhall ſtand upon a ſtool behind his maſter, with a wooden hammer in one hand and a board in the other; and when any one calls for drink, he ſhall ſtrike the board with his mallet, and ſhall ſay "take heed, gemmen; mouth clean; eyes open; fall back; there; a health to be drank!" When the draught is over, he ſhall ſtrike again, "now fall too, gemmen!" and this ceremony to be repeated as often as any one of the company ſhall drink.—But this propoſal was rejected, for various reaſons, which did not occur to me when I firſt mentioned it. But it was at laſt determined, nem. con. that for the future every one ſhall have the pleaſure of drinking when he is dry, with the ſame freedom that he eats when he is hungry; and that it ſhall be deemed as rude to diſturb the company every time you drink, as it would be to diſturb them every time you put a piece into your mouth.

HUMPHREY P. GUBBINS.

Guzzledom, Jan. 23, 1789.

For the Weekly Museum.

Mr. Harriſſon,

I Find myſelf attacked in your Muſeum of Saturday laſt, by a man belonging to the fraternity of Coopers, who, in a cavalier manner, undertakes to dreſs a hide, well ſeaſoned to rough uſage, and capable of ſuſtaining heavier ſtrokes than his arm can inflict.

A ſmall overſight appears to be a *great affair* to this *dumb-dolly*—perhaps he copies after the race of birds, called *wood-peckers*, which always ſeek for ſmall flaws and crevices in the old *oak*, and having formed one, make a tremenduous clattering, and then ſtrike ſo forcibly with their bills againſt the *hollow trunk*, as to make the woods reſound.

Thus far for the miſtake—now for the fact—I engage to ſatisfy Mr. *Cooper*, (if he deſires it) that what I aſſerted can be ſubſtantiated—My object was to trim the 2d chapt. of the Columbian Chronicles a little, and clear it of a redundancy, not in any ſhape to injure the common cauſe—for I am a true *Republican*, and believe the *Tanners* to be as warmly attached to a reformation, in favour of democratic privileges, as any people or profeſſion whatever.

If this ſon of the adz will ſpare my tender hide from the thumps uſually beſtowed on the empty puncheon, when beating the bung-hole ſtep, or *Cooper's-march*, I will

ſhake hands with him and uſe my *feather* only in oppoſition to the ariſtocratic intereſt, which is inimical to the rights of the commonalty.

New-York, June 22. A TANNER.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The REFORMER, No. V.

"But ratling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
"And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
"Burſts out reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide."
Pope.

AMONG the many direful diſeaſes, which the *mind* of man is ſubject to, I conſider the irreſiſtable itch for becoming an author, one of the moſt dangerous and hard to cure, and as it appears of a contageous nature, I think it may very properly be denominated the *Scribling Mania.*

The moſt immediate cauſe of this diſorder is a violent propenſity for fame as a writer, which may generally be diſcovered in the perſon, who is ſo unfortunate as to be under its influence, by his converſation, the whole tenor of which turns upon his performances, in ſuch a manner as to tire and diſguſt every hearer. Its effects are known by the patient uſhering to the world a profuſion of nonſenſe (and renders him when at the light) totally unfit for any other employment.

How elſe can we account for our daily beholding proſe eſſays violating every rule of grammar and rhetoric, odes and elegys without harmony or ſenſe, and medical treatiſes deſtitute of one original line; do we not ſee *Authors* without a ſpark of genius, and plagiriſts building a temple to Fame, with the works of others: Is there a periodical publication in which thoſe ignorant pretenders to literature are not often told that their pieces are inadmiſſable, inexplicable, or ſtolen, yet ſtill (ſuch is the infatuation of the diſeaſe) they perſevere in dulneſs under repeated mortifications. Of this claſs is my old ſchoolfellow *Scriblerius*, who happening to write a few lines, at a country academy, on a very hackneyed ſubject, which received ſome little applauſe, has ever ſince conſidered himſelf an author, nor can the opinion of his friends, or the printers perſuade him to the contrary; altho' the darling offspring of his deluded fancy are ſuffered to lie buried in oblivion. Paſſing his houſe the other day, I felt an impulſe to enter and ſee whether he ſtill continued under the influence of the *Mania*, and as we were on intimate terms, I opened the door without ceremony. *Scriblerius* was ſitting at his deſk, in a profound ſtudy, and was ſo abſorbed in his ſubject, that he did not perceive my approach, which gave me an opportunity of obſerving him more particulary; his collar was unbuttoned and his hair was in the utmoſt confuſion, his large grey eyes were turned up to the ceiling, his mouth half open, as if to catch inſpiration, and his hand reſted on the paper, with the pen ready to ſecure it the moment it arrived. On ſeeing him ſo intent I began to debate with myſelf whether I ſhould not leave him to his ſtudies; but immediately he prepared himſelf to write, in an extacy of joy, which having done, I accoſted him with my uſual freedom, and begged to know what he was compoſing;—an anſwer to the late piece of Menalcas, ſaid he, behold what a happy aſſemblage of words I have got in my *exordium*—on which he produced the following bombaſtic lines—"Whilſt "my *mental faculties* were *immerſed* in *cogitati-* "*ons* on the *ſophoric lucubation* which lately made "its appearance in direct *contrariety* of my fa- "vourite *theſis*, I determined to give birth to the "ſucceding *refutation* of that *apothgem.*"—

"What do you think of that?" ſaid he, with an air of triumph—maſterly replied I, and if you continue in that ſtrain to the end, I defy any one of Dr. Johnſton's Ramblers to equal you; and where, continued I, do you propoſe publiſhing it? "Why, my dear friend, (ſaid he) the Printers of News-papers are men of no taſte or judgment; they have already refuſed two or three of my beſt Eſſays! So I am determined to ſend this for the Magazine; the *Patrons* of that publication are *judicious critics*, and will not conſign the *effuſions* of *genius* to oblivion.—Would you believe it? ſome of the beſt lines of Poetry I ever wrote, have remained quite unnoticed by Mr. Type, and I will now leave you to judge of their excellence;" ſo ſaying, he pulled out of his deſk a bundle of papers, from among which he gave me one, which contained theſe lines:—

"Inſpire, immortal muſe thy daring ſon,
"Of whom that loves thee better I am ſure are none
"And let thy ſpirit on me fall,
"For I alone deſerve it more than them all.
"How ſhall I tell, what tongue declare,
"The heav'nly charms of one divinely fair,
"Whoſe looks to all happineſs beſtows,
"And who always dreſſes herſelf in the very beſt clothes."

When I had read about fifty lines more, equally connected, harmonious and ſenſible, I told *Scriblerius* I would finiſh it another time, and ſo bade him adieu. When I had left him I could not help reflecting upon the ill conſequences of his fooliſh infatuation, which muſt appear obvious to every one: And ſhould this relation of his conduct, be the means of opening the eyes of thoſe who are in the ſame way (for he is not ſingular) I ſhall be amply repaid.

I would not however be underſtood to damp the exertions of riſing genius, but to reſtrain illiterate pretenders from expoſing themſelves, and plaguing the public.

New-York, June 22, 1791.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To the Honorable the CORPORATION of the City of New-York, the moſt humble PETITION of the ancient and venerabl TREES, long reſident in ſaid City, ſheweth—

THAT

YOUR petitioners have heard, but with great conſternation,
Of your clauſe lately paſs'd for their extermination,
And earneſtly pray, that the good Corporation,
May take their hard caſe into due conſideration.—
It has been the ſubject of much converſation,
To deviſe ways & means for our ſole preſervation;
And it muſt be confeſs'd, that without provocation,
Having ne'er been accus'd of the leaſt malverſation,
We're doom'd the ſad victims of dire devaſtation—
The fatal effect of miſrepreſentation—
That we have many friends, ev'ry late publication*
Sufficiently ſhows—which is ſome conſolation;
But ah! of our fate 'tis a ſmall mitigation
That our lives are preſerv'd for a few months duration,
After which *we muſt fall!* and, oh! horrid relation!
December pronounces our fun'ral oration!
By frenzy inſpir'd, in our dire ſituation,
Ev'ry thought big with horror invites deſperation!
Then let us implore that a full revocation
May ſhortly take place of your determination.
When wars dread alarms involv'd this whole nation,
And rapine and carnage ſpread around deſolation,
When our city experienc'd the great conflagration,
Attended with ruin and dilapidation,
Which threaten'd at once our entire extirpation,
Even then, we eſcap'd beyond all expectation—
And now, gentle Sirs, for our future ſalvation,
We ſue to your mercy and good inclination;
And you, our good friends, who without heſitation,
Have nobly ſtepp'd forward in our vindication;

* *Every late publication upon the ſubject of cutting down the trees.*

O! let not be wanting one more application,
Of our fate to effect an entire alteration.
Next to you, lovely fair, better part of creation,
Our hopes we addreſs, for your kind mediation,
Believing from you that one ſolicitation
Wou'd have its due weight with the good Corporation.
You, who have oft' ſat, loſt in ſweet contemplation,
Beneath our cool ſhade, free from all agitation,
Say, will it not certainly give you vexation,
Shou'd all efforts prove fruitleſs for our preſervation?
Your anceſtors view'd us with fond admiration,
And thought we'd be uſeful to this generation;
And it muſt be allow'd, as a juſt obſervation,
Of the air that we tend to the purification;
Imbibing thoſe vapours and damp exhalations,
Which often occaſion uneaſy ſenſations.
Accus'd of no crime we have liv'd in our ſtation,
Admir'd and eſteem'd by all ranks in the nation,
Then what is the deed, which by our perpetration,
Hath thus brought upon us your high indignation?
If age has a claim to the leaſt veneration—
May innocence plead in our juſtification—
If well-earn'd honor and high exaltation
Can move you to pity and commiſeration,
Oh! bury the ax of our humiliation,
Nor let it be lifted for our degradation—
Then ſhall we, with ev'ry moſt grateful ſenſation,
Ever pray, as in duty bound, without ceſſation.

New-York, June 13. 1791.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Addreſs to a LADY, *who expreſſ'd ſurprize at not ſeeing a piece of the Author's in laſt Muſeum.*

AH! what avails the anxious verſe,
That all my rending cares rehearſe,
And mourns my hopeleſs love;
In *Mira's* breaſt no pity dwells,
Her cold reſerve too plainly tells,
That nought her heart can move.

See with what calm content ſhe view'd,
The ſcenes where I ſo oft' have woo'd
Compaſſion for my pain;
Where in wild raptures I have hung,
On ev'ry accent from her tongue,
In hopes relief to gain.

No heaving ſigh eſcap'd her breaſt,
No fond remembrance broke her reſt,
Her words no joys diſcloſe:
Whilſt my officious mem'ry brought
To mind each act, each melting thought,
That harrow'd up my woes.

For her, alone, the muſe inſpir'd,
Her charms my languid fancy fir'd,
Alas! they warm no more;
My humble ſongs neglected ſhew,
In vain my plaintive numbers flow,
In vain her ſmiles implore,

New-York, June 20, 1791. FIDELIO.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harriſon,

THE peruſal of a piece in your laſt paper gave me reaſon fully to adopt an opinion, which I have heard frequently advanced, that travelling was one of the greateſt advantages a young man could receive. The grand tour of Europe gould not have improved your correſpondent Sextius more than his "*peregrination through the principal parts of America*," in whom is *concentered* the fire and perſpicuity of Junius with the delightful ſmoothneſs of Pope. Politics appears to have been his principal ſtudy, as we may eaſily perceive from the elegance of his ſentiments in our choice of Repreſentatives; and we muſt certainly infer, that in paſſing through Virginia, he has received

ſome leſſons from Mr. Madiſon.—But the muſes have not been neglected, and I cannot help being of opinion, that in Connecticut, he has been introduced to their patronage by Dr. Dwight, or Mr. Barlow, elſe ſurely they never would have favoured him ſo far as to inſpire the following lines:

"*When nought in the ſtate but peace ſhall be,*
"*Our Gracchus from taxes will us free.*"

New-York, June 21, 1791. *An* OBSERVER.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To CONTENTMENT.

TO thee, dear charming nymph, my ſong I raiſe;—
Accept this humble tribute of my pen;
Far nobler ſongs, in more exalted lays,
To thee are ſung, by older—wiſer men.

Long wand'ring, loſt in Folly's doubtful maze,
For thee with anxious care in vain I ſtrove;
No glympſe of thee in all my ſtraggling ways,
No track or veſtige could I ever prove.

From blind, deluded, flut'ring mortals view,
Where reſt, and joy, and peace are baniſh far,
You love to dwell among the happy few
Secluded ſweet from noiſe and hateful care.

Madly for thee in wild *Ambition's* track
We toil, and ev'ry flat'ring ſcene purſue;—
In paths like this Contentment ſtill we lack,
Her joys moſt ſweet, and pleaſing comforts too.

From *Glory's* plains, where num'rous thouſands die;
Where *Fame's* weak airy-temple tot'ring ſtands:
From golden ſchemes away, far—far you fly,
To dwell in peace with poor and humble bands.

The meek alone are to thy pleaſures born,
'Tis they alone ſhall all the earth enjoy,
Thou doſt their cots with love and peace adorn,—
To make them bleſt is thy divine employ.

Beneath thy gentle ſmiles, to eat his cruſt
And taſte the limpid ſtream, the humble ſwain
Is happier far, than monarchs ſadly curſt,
Without thy joys, in ſplendid courts to reign.

Inſpir'd by thee, the ragged beggar ſings,
And takes with thanks the ſcanty alms we give,
Convinc'd his lot requires but humble things,
And that while others feaſt he ſtill ſhall live.

The wretch long bound in *Slav'ry's* galling chains,
Who mourns his freedom loſt in deep diſpair,
At thy bleſt preſence all his grief reſtrains,
And ſmiles in bonds releas'd from ev'ry care.

In life's declining years;—in ſickneſs ſore,
When nothing glads or chears the heart below;—
When *Death* himſelf ſtands waiting at the door,
'Tis thou alone can'ſt peace and reſt beſtow!

No lot ſo bad;—no hope ſo quite forlorn,—
Nor e'er ſuch dark, diſpairing, diſmal days,
But thou can'ſt raiſe once more a glit'ring morn,
O'erſpreading wide with bright and golden rays!

Ah! come, dear Goddeſs, to my humble cell,
My ſoothing joys,—my ruin'd peace reſtore,—
Ah! deign, ſweet nymph, with me again to dwell,
And I ſhall feel diſtreſs and grief no more.

New-York, June 19, 1791. CORYDON.

A SOLUTION of the ENIGMATICAL BILL of FARE for a DINNER, inſerted in our laſt.

1. A Turkey, the garniſh Sellery.
2. A Gooſe with apple ſauce.
3. A Dove pye.
4. A pye made of humbles. (ſee dictionary.)
5. Seals.
6. Crabs.
7. Capons and tongue.
8. Fiſh ſo called in the Weſt-Indies; the ſauce a ſmall land crab, near the ſea ſhore.

Fruits.

1. A Mellon, vulgarly pronounced million.
2. Medlers.
3. Pears.

Liquors.

1. Rum and water, Admiral Vernon being the 1ſt naval officer that introduced it in the Britiſh navy, the ſeamen then gave it that name.
2. Punch.
3. Champaign.
4. Tent Wine, with a toaſt in it.

Amuſements.

1. Smoaking Tobacco.
2. Back-gammon.

NEW-YORK, *June* 25, 1791.

We hear that the Preſident of the United States is not expected to arrive in Philadelphia until about the beginning of July, as he has appointed to meet the Commiſſioners at Patowmac, for the purpoſe of ſettling the limits of the Federal City; which meeting is to be held on Monday next, the 27th inſtant.

We are informed that the Preſident of the United States has appointed Oliver Wolcott, Eſquire, to be Comptroller of the Treaſury of the United States, *vice* Nicholas Eveleigh, Eſq. deceaſed.

We are deſired to remind the holders of Diſtilled Spirits, that no Spirits on hand, previous to the firſt of July, can be removed after that day—without its being examined and marked as old ſtock, and accompanied with a certificate.

The ſchooner June, Capt. Conklin, from New-York to Hiſpaniola, is totally loſt on Place Wreck, to the Eaſtward of Cape-Francois.

In a hail ſtorm in Montgomery county, Pennſylvania, the 24th ult. very great injury was ſuſtained—the crops of grain, and in ſhort every green thing within its reach were deſtroyed—cattle, ſheep, hogs and poultry were killed by the hail ſtones, ſome of which were found to weigh three ounces—many perſons expoſed were found to be very much wounded; and it was obſerved that the horſes had large ſwellings on their heads and bodies, occaſioned by the ſtrokes from the hail.

It is ſaid (ſays a Philadelphia paper of laſt Saturday) that Mr. De Ternan, who ſerved in America during the late war, is appointed miniſter plenipotentiary from the court of France to the United States, and may be expected in Philadelphia in 5 or 6 weeks.

An indictment was preferred at Colcheſter againſt a perſon for an aſſault. It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff had attempted to hang himſelf; and that the defendant, finding him in that ſituation, cut him down, tweaked him by the noſe, and ſtruck him ſeveral ſmart blows on the back, for the purpoſe of reviving ſuſpended animation. The jury conſidering that there was no malice in the caſe, found a verdict for the defendant.

Philadelphia, June 21. It is ſaid that Mr. Burke has written to Mr. Adams, the Vice Preſident of the United States, requeſting him to uſe his abilities in leſſening the popularity and influence of Mr. Paine's "Rights of Man." Mr. Adams, in conſequence of Mr. Burke's application, has undertaken the taſk—his introductory eſſay has made its appearance in the Boſton Centinel, and on Saturday laſt it was republiſhed here, in *his own* paper, under the ſignature of "*Publicola.*" *(Fed. Gazette.)*

DIED

At Philadelphia, on Saturday laſt, Mr. ROBERT ROBERTS, aged 48 years. It is ſuppoſed his death was occaſioned by incautiouſly drinking *cold water.*

COURT of HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Wedneſday Evening the 15th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. GILBERT ASPINWALL, to Miſs ANN SOWERS, both of this city.

On the ſame evening by the Rev. Dr. Bache, ELIPHALET BRUSH, Eſq. of Demarara, to Miſs SALLY GRENNEL, of this city.

On Thurſday Evening the 16th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. King, WILLIAM CROSS, Eſq. to Miſs CATHERINE SLY, both of Ulſter County.

At Stamford (Connecticut) Mr. DANIEL COTTON, jun. merchant, to Miſs ELIZA WATSON, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, to Miſs CRETIA WRIGHT, both of this city.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Moore Mr. ISAAC LIVESAY, Druggiſt, to Miſs JANE LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. John Lawrence, Merchant, both of this city.

On Wedneſday Evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. ANTHONY OGILVIE, to Miſs ELIZABETH COWDERY, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Cowdery, both of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Bache, Mr. PAUL RICHARD PLACE, of Bermuda, to Miſs JAUNCEY, eldeſt daughter of the late Capt. Joſeph Jauncey, of this city.

"In wanton Love's inglorious lap,
The ſenſualiſt may lie;
While purer joys, undaſh'd with guilt,
Bleſt Wedlock's ſcenes ſupply."

To CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *The* Criticiſms *of* Palamedes, *came too late for inſertion this week: He will find the ſubject done juſtice to by the* Reformer—*We have received ſeveral pieces in anſwer to* Sextius, *and acknowledge their merit; but apprehend the publication of ſo many Eſſays on the ſame ſubject would be diſguſting to our readers—This it is preſumed will ſufficiently apologize for their non-appearance. If the writer of a* Caution *to the* Fair-Sex *will furniſh a correct and fair copy of his verſes, (though we doubt their originality) they ſhall appear in our next.*

Errata. *In the firſt line of the fourth verſe of the reflections of* Philotes, *inſerted in our laſt, inſtead of*

"To woo *fairſt* Wiſdom be thy care,"
read
"To woo *fair* Wiſdom be thy care."

WANTED to PURCHASE,
New-York State Securities.
Enquire at No. 14, William-Street.

ANTHONY OGILVIE,
No. 3, Peck-Slip,

INFORMS his friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 18, Little Dock ſtreet, to No. 3. Peck-ſlip, where he continues to carry on Houſe and Sign painting, Gilding and Glazing &c. He alſo paints mahogany, ebony and all kind of wood colours, marble and ſtone equal to the colour of ſtone, in the neateſt manner. And he flatters himſelf that he will give general ſatisfaction to thoſe who may favour him with their cuſtom.

He has juſt received, and for ſale, wholeſale and retail, Whitelead, Spaniſh Brown, and Yellow Oaker, ground in oil or dry, Pruſſian Blue, Patent yellow, Glaſs of all ſizes, 8 by 6, 9-7, 10-8, 11-9, 12-10, 16-12, 18-14, &c.

New-York, May 2, 1790

B L A N K S
Of all kinds to be had at this Printing Office.

The COURT of APOLLO.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MARGARET SELF-CONCEIT, and CATHARINE TOOTHLESS.

(From a Hole in the Wall.)

MARGARET, why all this grief? its all folly
To dress thy brow in sable melancholy;
Altho' your betters you have oft rejected,
Since you you repent you shall not be neglected.
Altho' on Fancy's haughty wing you've soard,
Be yet yourself—and still you'll be ador'd.
Lay down your silly pride, repent and live,
Be not dejected, heaven can yet forgive.—
And you dear Catharine, cease your plaintive strain
You're now convinc'd your haughty airs are vain;
You see your folly now your teeth are lost,
(The fairest flow'r falls beneath the frost)
While in your prime, why did you not remember,
That blooming May, must wither e'er November.
The case is not so bad, but that you may recover,
Fear not my airy Kate—you still may find a lover.
Depend not on your face, your teeth are gone,
By such small trifles, hearts are seldom won.
Take my advice, lay by your flutt'ring dress;
Your silks, your tow'ring hat wont gain address.
Next break your idol glass—your mind improve,
That barren wild—if e'er you'd have us love.
What man to love you're e'er can make pretence,
A silly toothless thing—so void of sense.
Your painted outside makes a tinsel show,
It strikes the eye but can no farther go;
Such glaring colours oft attract the sight,
But never yield one ray of pleasing light:
Your outward dress may cast a various hue,
The dirt-born butterfly can boast as much as you.
If what you wish for, you intend to gain,
You'll take the hint (a Husband's what I mean.)
For Heaven's sake, first learn to show good breeding
Those hours you spend in dress, devote to reading.
Learn first yourself to know and virtue prize,
Be sociable to all, nor worth despise.
Undress your head, improve that dreary waste,
Adorn your mind with ev'ry shing grace:
Make such accomplishments your chiefest care,
They're far superior to your frizzl'd hair;
'Tis such alone can raise a fond desire,
Ensnare the heart and fan the gen'rous fire;
Such real beauties never will decay,
Altho' your teeth are mouldering away.
Grieve not my Kate, take my advice, you'll find,
Your wish fulfill'd—a husband to your mind.
But if my kind advice shou'd be rejected,
Then blame me not if you are still neglected.
Fools like yourselves are pleased with a feather,
A steeple hat with hair and wool together;
Dress strikes the eye; sense captivates the hearts
And gains the esteem and love of men of parts.
Therefore I hope this caution you'll attend,
Accept it from a maa who is your friend;
If not—you may repent it all your lives,
You may be aunts—but never will be wives.
Perhaps you'll say, (the proverb to fulfil,
That Heaven form'd a Jack for ev'ry Jill;
Shou'd that be so—and you shou'd mothers be,
The Lord have mercy on your progeny.

Wealthy!, May 22d. W. M. S.

A Girl

OF about 14 years of age, that can be well recommended, is wanted in a small family. Good wages given. Enquire of the Printer.

CURRYING.

THE Subscribers take the liberty to inform their friends in particular and the public in general, that they carry on the Currying business in all its branches, at their shops, at Richard Cunningham's, No. 14, corner of Cliff and Ferry-street, next to the head of Peck-slip drain, at Philip K. Lawrence's, No. 22, Gold-street, a few doors east of Cornelius Roosevelt's china store, where all kinds of upper and soal leather may be had cheap for cash. They flatter themselves, that by a steady endeavour to please and punctual attendance to business, to merit the custom of their friends and the public, to please whom it will be their particular pleasure and study.

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM,
PHILIP K. LAWRENCE.

N. B. A good Journeyman will meet with immediate and constant employ. None need apply unless they can bring a good character as to workmanship and morals. Apply at either of the above places.

New-York, June 9, 1791. 161 3t.

WHEREAS Benjamin Case, of Newburgh in the county of Ulster, Innholder, and Mary his wife, for securing the payment of fifty pounds, current money of the State of New-York, on or before the first day of September, 1790, together with the lawful interest for the same. The further sum of £.50 like current money aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of May, 1791, with the lawful interest thereof. The further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1792, with the lawful interest thereof. The further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1793 with the lawful interest thereof. And the further sum of £.133 6 8 on or before the first day of May, 1794, together with the lawful interest thereof, according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing date the 16th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1790, given by him the said Benjamin Case to John Anderson, also of Newburg in the county aforesaid, mariner, did, on the day and year aforesaid, mortgage to the said John Anderson, All that certain Messuage or Dwelling House and lot, piece, or parcel of Ground, situate y ing and being in Newburg aforesaid, known and distinguished in a map or chart made by Colonel Thomas Palmer, of the township of Newburg aforesaid, by number 6, and is bounded on the south by lot Number 5, on the west by Water-street, on the north by lot Number 7, and on the east by Hudson's River, containing in breadth in front and rear, 154 feet, and in length on each side 100 feet, according to the dimensions of the same laid down in the map or chart aforesaid. Together with a certain dock or wharf, called and known by the name of the Continental Dock; with a covenant in the said mortgage, that in case default shouuld be made in the payment of any or either of the said sums of money, at any or either of the days or times limited and appointed for the payment of the same. That then it should be lawful for the said John Anderson, his heirs and assigns, at any time or times, directly and immediately, after such default should be made, to grant bargain, sell and dispose of the said mortgaged premises, and every part and parcel thereof, at Public Vendue, pursuant to an act of the legislature of the State of New-York, in such case made and provided; and out of the monies arising from the sale thereof, to retain and to keep into his or their hands the whole of the aforesaid several sums of money, as well those that were to become due at any future period, as those that were then due, together with interests and costs as by the said mortgage recorded in the Clerk's office, of the County of Ulster, reference being thereunto had, may more fully and at large appear: AND WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of one of the said instalments, at the time mentioned and appointed in the said mortgage for the payment thereof. NOTICE is therefore hereby given, that unless the whole amount of the said instalment, together with the interest thereof, due in and by virtue of the bond and mortgage aforesaid, shall be paid, the said mortgaged premises will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on Wednesday the twenty-seventh day of October, at twelve of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, pursuant to the powers contained in the said mortgage, and by force and virtue of the act above-mentioned. Dated the 21st day of January, Anno. Dom. 1791.

141—6 m. JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN GREENWOOD,
SURGEON DENTIST
And Operator for the Teeth,

No. 56, William-street, corner of Beekman-street.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, when decorating yourselves with the ornaments of dress examine your teeth, and if they do not please you as not being clean or any are wanting, apply as above, who will exert his abilities to make good every deficiency, and whose practice is universally approved of. In a word, as there is nothing more beautiful or of greater service than a good set of teeth, they are worthy the attention of all. His price is so low that every one may be benefited.

N. B. His highly approved Rose Tooth Powder for cleaning and preserving the teeth and gums may be had of him only, price 2/6. 53 8w

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New-York East-River Air-Furnace.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that John Youle, & Co have erected an Air-Furnace on the banks of the East River, near Corlear's Hook, where all kinds of iron castings are done in the neatest manner.

Ships Cabouses, and Stoves of all kinds,
Forge Hammers and Anvils,
Waggon Boxes and Sath Weights,
Fifty-six, twenty-eight, & fourteen pound weights,
Backs and Jamb-plates for chimnies of such metal as will stand fire without cracking,
Mill Rounds, Cogg Wheels, Gudgeons, &c.
And every other kind of castings, agreeable to any pattern.

Orders left, or directed to John Youle, at No. 5, corner of Beekman-Slip, at the sign of the Gilt Anvil, will be attended to. 54

April 22, 1791. JOHN YOULE.

BY order of John Sloss Hobart, Esq; one of the Justices of the Supreme court of Judicature of the state of New-York, the creditors of William Hardy, an insolvent debtor, are hereby requested to shew cause, if any they have, on Friday the 12th day of August next, at the chambers of the said John Sloss Hobart Esq; situate in Crown-street, in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said William Hardy's estate should not be made, and the said William Hardy discharged, according to the act for giving relief, in cases of insolvency, passed the 21st of March, 1788. Dated May 18, 1791.

WILLIAM HARDY.

Lambert Wilmer, John Pringle, Carey Ludlow
William Shotwell, Mary Sharp, Joseph Hardy,
Edmund Prior, Jacob Watson, Joseph Young and
William Pitt Smith. 59 6